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IN MEMORIAM  
DR. CHARLES WARRINGTON EARLE  
BEING MINUTES OF A SPECIAL MEETING  
OF THE  
CHICAGO PATHOLOGICAL SOCIETY  
HELD  
NOVEMBER 24, 1893

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Earle, Charles Warrington.

In Memoriam \* \*

Dr. Charles Warrington Earle



BEING MINUTES OF A SPÉCIAL MEETING

.. OF THE ..

CHICAGO PATHOLOGICAL SOCIETY,

... HELD ...

November 24, 1893.

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DR. CHARLES WARRINGTON EARLE.



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1893

SPECIAL MEETING  
OF THE  
**Chicago Pathological Society,**  
ON  
November 24, 1893,  
IN MEMORY OF  
**DR. CHARLES WARRINGTON EARLE.**



Meeting called to order by the President, Dr. Patton.

In the absence of the Secretary, Dr. G. H. Cleveland was elected temporary Secretary.

Remarks were made in eulogy of Dr. Earle by Doctors A. H. Foster, I. N. Danforth, Henry Lyman, D. W. Graham, E. Fletcher Ingals, G. W. Emery, J. R. McCullough, Joseph Haven, Homer M. Thomas, and R. N. Hall; Miss Coon, of the Woman's Medical School, and Mr. Burke, of the senior class of the College of Physicians and Surgeons; and Doctors J. M. Patton and Geo. H. Cleveland.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It is the will of Divine Providence to remove from our midst our honored colleague and friend, Dr. Charles Warrington Earle; and

WHEREAS, Dr. Earle has long been a distinguished and active member, ever ready to exert himself to advance the work of this society. Therefore be it

*Resolved*, That the members of the Chicago Pathological Society hereby express their appreciation of the professional attainments and elevated character of Dr. Earle. That they further express their profound sorrow at, and deeply deplore the loss which this society has sustained in his death; and be it further

*Resolved*, That the members of this society hereby tender to the bereaved family of Dr. Earle their most profound sympathy and respect; and be it

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this society, and that a copy be transmitted to the family of the deceased.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE,  
Of the Chicago Pathological Society.

The society passed a vote of thanks for the use of the chapel. Also a vote of thanks to the students present.

On motion, the society adjourned.

GEO. HENRY CLEVELAND, *Secretary Pro Tem.*

THE PRESIDENT: As you are aware, this meeting was called in memory of Dr. Charles W. Earle, one of the most energetic members this society has ever had; one who was ever ready to put forth his best thought and work in behalf of the society. This meeting is for the purpose of giving expression to our appreciation of the loss the society has sustained. Dr. Addison H. Foster will speak of Dr. Earle as a practitioner.

DR. ADDISON H. FOSTER: In the untimely decease of Dr. Charles Warrington Earle, our society has suffered the grievous loss of a most esteemed and valuable member.

He was broadly interested in all medical society work, in its objects, its benefits, and its healthy influence upon its members, the profession, and the public. He was always a ready contributor to, and a staunch sustainer of this department of professional labor.

He was a member of all the local and national medical societies of standing and in most had been honored with the highest office in their gift. To his ardent zeal and faithful devotion to his trust, we can always testify.

His wonderful capacity for work has always excited our admiration, and his rapid professional success, won by such inherited vigor and persistent endeavor, has always made us proud that he was one of our number.

We see the key-note to his life in the "boy soldier" experience. "Loyalty" and activity. Loyalty to, and activity for any worthy cause, with its resultant momentum that carried him over all obstacles straight to the goal of success.

As in his army responsibilities as an officer, he never forgot the slightest detail of a private's life, so as President of any society he always cordially recognized every one and wished him to gain and enjoy the

fullest benefits of its membership. His was a laudable ambition to do the highest kind and the greatest amount of work.

His valuable services to medical colleges can best be described by those who have been in constant association with him.

In his general professional work he was keenly alive to all the interests of the profession, warmly interested in subjects of public welfare, always active and prompt in his professional and public duties. Endowed with an uncommon physique and endurance of continuous and arduous public and bedside labor, working night and day, in season and out, from the first moment of his professional career he never allowed himself one moment's rest or recreation, but crowded a life time's work into a few short years. His trips in this country and abroad were for work and not for recreation and rest. He was always an extremely busy man; no indolent fibers in his nature. All the strings of life were in harmony, all well strung.

There was a ready responsive chord alike to every one, aged or young, in wealth or in poverty, if he was a sufferer from disease or accident, he always had a cheering word for the sick one and his friends.

Although so busy, he could always contribute time and zeal to the professional protection of a brother practitioner who had been crowded in the sick room by meddlesome neighbors or an unworthy medical professional.

Many a grateful younger practitioner has, at his hands, been generously piloted past some dangerous point of disease or trouble.

Having known him personally for nearly twenty-five years, having often met him at the bedside in various kinds of sickness of all ages, having been associated with him in college and society work and having often conversed with him privately upon the treatment of disease, it has been my fortune to commend enthusiastically his therapeutic methods to the inquiring sufferer and his friends. He was simple and direct in his methods of combating disease, and in the use of remedies was never given to heroic prescriptions.

We met oftener, than otherwise, in the field of children's complaints. There he always seemed at

his best and rapidly read the hidden mysteries of a suffering juvenile nature. He was peculiarly happy, too, in his ready appreciation of the delicate and sensitive stomach of infancy and childhood.

In my mind, as a discriminating and careful prescriber of remedies, he was the peer of the wonderfully practical and successful workers in the healing art, the late lamented Drs. Hutchins and Knox.

Like them, broad of scope, he quickly saw the enemies field, its extent, its intrenchments, and its ambuscades, and had all his means of offense and defense well at hand.

As the methods and customs of mercantile business have undergone great changes in the last twenty-five years, so have those of the medical profession. The city and country practitioner of the present day must take cognizance of all the little refinements in pharmaceutical preparations; he must study the tastes and idiosyncrasies of his patients, and humor in various ways the afflicted one and his friends, especially should the sick one be a child.

In all this Dr. Earle was always watchfully on the alert, and ingenious and discriminating in his resources to accomplish successfully his purpose.

Of his experience and success in the departments of obstetrics and gynecology others more familiar with his work can better tell us.

He was fast developing in breadth of mind, clearness of thought, and elegance of word. Some addresses of his the past year were efforts hard to surpass either in matter, in method, or in diction.

He was cut down in middle life. What high professional possibilities might have been in store for him, in the next score or more of years, we shall never know. But as long as there were worlds in medicine to conquer, and he had his strength and reason, we can but believe he would have made them his.

We shall miss him. Miss his large vigorous form, his broad smiling face, his strong, cheery voice, and his full hearty laugh. His memory will fade slowly and will be a silent warning to us to be more heedful of our own life preserving precepts.

These are some of the pleasant recollections of, and

kindly reflections upon the life of a heartily active, eagerly persistent, nobly ambitious, and eminently successful brother practitioner.

Dr. I. N. DANFORTH: I want to say at the beginning, that since I was asked to speak to-night I have not had one minute's time to give to writing anything; I am sorry to come at all in this way, but I could not do otherwise.

I first knew Dr. Earle as a teacher in connection with the Woman's College which was along in 1869. He was one of the founders and charter members of the college, and he has been in that college from that time to his death. He was also one of the founders of the College of Physicians and Surgeons. He was also interested in the Practitioner's Course, and also taught in the Rush Medical College for a time; so that his experience as a teacher, began twenty years ago or more. His characteristics as a teacher were, first, his magnificent physique; that is a great advantage to start with. I know from experience how long it takes and how hard work it is for a small man to make himself felt. People always judge a small man according to his looks, and they are likely to judge a large man according to his looks, so that other things being equal, the large man starts out with a great advantage. In the case of Dr. Earle it occurred that he was not only large in body, but that in that splendid physique which promised so much, there was the intellectual force which filled out the promise. There was not only the body, the physical presence, that commanded respect, to begin with, but there was the intellectual factor which came afterward, so that this was a grand starting point.

In the second place came that grand voice. I always envied him that voice; so musical, so well managed, so under his command, so much a power in speaking. It was always so forcible, and had so much to do with commanding attention. With that splendid physique and grand voice he would command the attention of the class from the very first minute, and he always got it.

In the third place his manner was so easy, persuasive, natural, unstudied, and yet so forceful. He threw himself into his lectures just as he did into

everything else. Dr. Charles Warrington Earle could not do anything moderately; he was always an engine with steam up, and so he lectured. Every lecture was a boiled down force, he could not do it in any other way. There was that enthusiastic energy that always commanded attention of these young men and these young women. The whole man seemed boiled down into this one lecture as though it was the last thing he ever expected to do, and that must be done in this almost furious way. Then there was the style. I might say as a speaker there was no style about him, he never seemed to think of style. I remember in Washington a few years ago he addressed a section of the International Medical Congress there; and I remember the remarks that were made about it; how unstudied he was, how little art there was about it. He did not seem to know, or think or care anything about oratory. That did not seem to enter into his thoughts or plans at all; but it was the direct manner of getting at the facts in the shortest way with the fewest words. Those of you who have noticed him in speaking or writing, know that he always got the right word to express his thoughts, and as I have noticed many times he always sought Saxon words, our simple forceful Saxon wherever it would answer; there was none of your stilted Latin or Greek in his speeches. It was all direct, plain, simple Saxon, the strongest language for public speaking in the world, and so he always attracted attention at once. Then there was this too, about his lectures, they were honest lectures; you knew from the very beginning that he believed what he said; that it was not a lecture gotten up for the purpose of filling up time, or filling the place of a professor, but it was the honest conviction of a man who believed what he said. That it was not only what he had read, what he had thought, but what he actually believed. Every lecture was a part of the man. It was knowledge that was assimilated; knowledge that was his; that was a part of the man. It was not a written lecture gotten up to publish, but it was a few direct, terse English or Saxon words to a class of students, intended for their best good, and they always knew it.



Then, lastly, there was the practical value of his lectures; they were almost always the result of his personal experience; what he had seen, what he had done. He was a great reader; he read all the time; but his teaching was drawn far more from his experience than it was from his reading. I think his experience was very great for a man so young, and his lecture appeared to me like a simple story of his experience, what he had seen and what he had done, and he could tersely impart that experience to a class of students. These were the characteristics of the man as a teacher, which summed up, made what I call a great teacher; one who was much loved by his pupils, and respected for his practical knowledge.

This man has left us forever. His life and his death ought to be a warning to young men. It makes me feel like weeping when I think of how this splendid man has sacrificed his life almost in vain, and yet not in vain; but how he has worn out, actually grown old in his few years. I think it ought to be a warning also to us older men to stop a little, to rest a little, to breathe a little. It ought to be a warning to all of us not to undertake to do in a few years what ought to be spread over many years. There are very few men or women who have accomplished as much in a few years as Dr. Earle. At the age of sixteen commanding a company in battle, and from that time until his last hour working with an intensity that seems almost beyond belief.

Dr. Earle was great in all directions; great in body; great in mind; great in heart, and great in achievement. We shall miss him long, and his example will be to us a great lesson worthy of imitation and admiration.

Dr. HENRY M. LYMAN: I have been very forcibly reminded during the past few days of some of the incidents of my life in which I have been brought in contact with our beloved friend, who has gone from us. It was thirty years ago, one cold winter day, that I was lying on my back in a berth on a steamboat, where we had been blockaded for over a week in the Cumberland river, before the city of Nashville. It was during the war and I had been stationed in the hospitals of Nashville, and there had

been twice brought down to death's door, and at last it was decided that I must give up the conflict and retreat to a more healthful northern climate. With hundreds of other sick and wounded men, I was placed on board of one of a fleet of steamboats in the river in readiness for the voyage to the North. But we could not start in consequence of a blockade of the river by the rebel forces between Nashville and the Ohio. One cold afternoon a great commotion started up along the banks of the river, and among the fleet in which we were lying, and soon the word was passed around that an army was coming from the north upon a fleet of steamboats advancing up the Cumberland river to Nashville. There was an open door through which I could look down the river, and there in the distance appeared a cloud of smoke giving notice of the close approach of this fleet. It was Gen. Granger with 20,000 men coming to the relief of the city of Nashville and the situation there. The blockade had been raised, and here was the fleet. First the gunboats with their iron clad sides, and I saw the old familiar uniform of the navy officers on their decks, and all the paraphernalia of naval warfare, with which I had been familiar on the eastern coast, but now it seemed very singular up there among the mountains in the heart of the continent. Behind them came a long line of steamboats filled with soldiers, a complete army of infantry, artillery and cavalry. In that army was Dr. Earle but I did not know it at the time; and I knew nothing of him during his army career.

My first personal acquaintance with Dr. Earle was in this city shortly before the fire. I had occasion one day to go to Dr. Byford's office to see him about some matter connected with the hospital. His office was then in the small, old-fashioned building owned by Dr. Dyche, in which was Dr. Dyche's drug store, where it now stands on the corner of State and Randolph streets. I went into the office and Dr. Byford was not there, but there was a big, hearty, rosy cheeked young fellow slashing around in the office. He came up to me, greeted me cordially, told me where Dr. Byford was, and when he would be there. He told me he was Dr. Byford's student,

He was the future Dr. C. W. Earle. I recognized him as no ordinary medical student, there was evidently the making of a great doctor in that young man. We met occasionally during the following years. Little by little he came into prominence. When he settled in this part of the city I used to meet him every little while, but it was not until we became associated in the faculty of the Woman's Medical College that I learned to know him intimately. There was some thing about the man that always made it a pleasure to meet him, to talk with him, to see him. He was so natural, so childlike in the manner in which he acted; there was that about him which made his acquaintance more than ordinarily pleasing. Our acquaintance has continued until the time of his death. I always admired him, for those noble qualities that have been alluded to, which could not but arrest the attention of every one.

I think the characteristics of Dr. Earle may be summed up in a very few words: He was a man of exuberant character, the first quality in a man of such large and magnificent physical endowment. His whole nature was patterned on a large scale, and he was emphatically a man of action. Those were the two great characteristics of the man; his abundant energy, and the delight with which he used it wherever he was. He was a noble character. Nobody could help noticing him in a crowd and asking, Who is that man? and yet there was not a particle of ostentation about him. Dr. Earle was a modest man, though he had not any of that shyness that keeps so many good men in the background, and prevents them from taking the place they really deserve in this world. He had not a particle of false modesty; but he was really an enthusiastic, childlike, modest character. He could not help being prominent, it was his nature to be so. He could not help doing what he did with all his might, it was perfectly spontaneous. His voice was loud simply because he had good lungs and powerful muscles. His good nature bubbled over, just like the water that comes up from a flowing spring, ever fresh, ever clear and sparkling. That was his nature and he could not help it; he simply acted in accordance with the laws of his

being in all that he did. There was nothing artificial, nothing assumed, nothing put on. No attempt at doing more than he was able to do. No attempt at appearing anything else than what he really was. Those I think were the great qualities that made Dr. Earle what he was, such a man as we all delight to honor, and a man whose loss is well-nigh irreparable.

Dr. D. W. GRAHAM: I had not intended to say anything to-night along any special line, but I want to endorse what has been said as to Dr. Earle's personal qualities and his abilities, both as a practitioner and as a teacher. I have known him intimately for twenty-one years, and have been associated with him in a great many matters, and we have shared many important responsibilities together; so that I feel I have sustained a greater personal loss than I would in the death of any other member of the profession. However, there is a phase of Dr. Earle's professional life which has not been mentioned by any one and which I think it particularly appropriate to speak of in a meeting of this kind. I refer to his relations to medical societies. He was closely identified with the local societies, both general and special, and also with the State and national associations. He was not only a member but was an active supporter and promoter of all these organizations; and he realized their benefits and appreciated their value to the individual members of the profession and their good influence on the profession as a whole, in an unusual degree. In this respect Dr. Earle was a model for all of us, and particularly for the younger members of the profession; those who are about to enter and those who are already in the profession.

Dr. E. FLETCHER INGALLS: I became acquainted with Dr. Earle twenty-five years ago, when we were students in the Cook County Hospital. I knew him as a joyous, good natured boy and a faithful student. We met very frequently in the hospital, and I have no doubt that Prof. Lyman often saw him there on the benches. He graduated a year before I did, and I lost sight of him for a year or two, but soon came in contact with him again when we both came to the West Side; and since then I have met him often for these many years. Although in that early

day we represented two different schools, and at that time there was a good deal of jealousy between the schools—the Chicago Medical College and the Rush Medical College—and it was considered almost necessary for the students of the two separate schools to be pretty nearly enemies; yet he was not a man I cared to have as an enemy, so we came to be very warm friends at an early time. He was a pacific man, who did not take up other people's quarrels, and if others chose to fight he let them alone. He was a friend of all the colleges and of all the physicians. I do not think I ever heard him speak unkindly of any one.

I have met him frequently in consultation, and have seen that which has been mentioned by one of the speakers—his simple and direct method, his uniform good judgment, and his willingness to be guided, or to accept suggestions from others, or to give council; at the same time he was always good natured, and always faithful in carrying out any suggestions agreed upon by the physicians in consultation. Dr. Earle appreciated loyalty more than people commonly do. You could rely upon him; you might know that what he said was what he meant and you could tell where to find him.

We were associated in the Woman's College for a number of years, but not so intimately until within the last three or four years, when it fell to my lot to be appointed on the Executive Committee. There are three on that committee, and those three, in the interims between faculty meetings are responsible for the interests of the institution. In these meetings I have learned more of his character than at any other place. He meant to deal fairly with every one. He meant to do what was for the best of the school; and the students must know that they have lost a friend, whose place cannot be filled. He had a particularly warm place in his heart for the lady students; whom he realized had unusual difficulties to overcome. And I have seen him, with tears in his eyes, plead for them when he thought some of the others of the faculty were a little bit hard.

He had a great heart, which I have often seen manifested in the care of his patients and in dealing

with their afflicted friends. He was an energetic man, and a constant worker, for which I admired him. There are very few men who work so continually as did Dr. Earle; and this is something which the younger men and women in the profession should emulate, and they need not be frightened by the sad ending of the example. He felt that one must work to succeed, and that there was no excuse for idleness. He was willing to work the whole day and the whole night, if necessary. His success and reputation in the profession were enviable, but were not gained through chance. He has said to me often, there are many men who feel they are not appreciated among men, but the reason is, they are not willing to work as we have done. Those entering the medical profession should remember that they will be obliged to work, and work hard, if they wish to succeed. As he worked so he succeeded.

But there is also a warning in his life, or rather in the close of it. Nearly two years ago, in my intimate association with him, I saw him, as it were, standing upon the brink of the gulf that has swallowed him, saw my friend in danger, and warned him over and over again of the coming catastrophe, for I felt that I could see the bank crumbling away beneath him, and I was not mistaken. I believe in work, but a man must also rest. Of course in the early years of Dr. Earle's practice he had abundance of time, but during the last few years he has not had time for rest. About two years ago I urged him often to take a vacation, or to get more rest daily, but he felt as many others do, that his strong frame could stand anything, and he thought he would see the danger in time to stop. He realized that the advice was good; he said, to himself, "Yes, this is all right for others, I understand it, but I will stop in time." I did not know that things had gone so far until during his last illness, when he told me that for the last four or five months he had been retiring about 12 o'clock, and waking at four, and soon finding he could not sleep longer he thought he might as well be up and at work; thus he did not get more than four hours sleep a night. If he had realized his danger he might have saved himself even then, but he did

not until it was too late. When I saw him last, just before he took to his bed, he told me he was going away to take a rest for several months. If he had taken this rest six months ago he would probably have been spared this sickness, and we the loss of our friend. There are ladies and gentlemen here who will have to heed this warning; when they can rest eight hours a day they are safe in working as hard as they will, but when the nervous system becomes so overwrought that they cannot obtain adequate rest, they must call a halt, and however expensive it may seem at the time, be assured it will be the best in the end.

Dr. Earle's taking off is to me the hardest blow I have suffered for many years; even in the dead of night when I waken my first thought is that I will never more see this goodly man, and during the day there is a constant loneliness that I cannot overcome. Yet I know the world will move on, and some one will partially fill his place, but we will miss for many years this noble friend.

Dr. G. W. EMERY: I would speak of Dr. Earle as one would conceive of a man by impression, having only one opportunity to see him, having no opportunity to be made acquainted with him. Yet I would give you the thought that came into my mind on that evening as I saw him at the Practitioners' Club. I saw in him a man of generous impulse. I saw in Dr. Earle a man whom I thought was void of the material—envy—which comes so often in the medical profession. A man who, extending a most courteous and kindly hand to me, almost a stranger in the city, was just as cordial as friends from whom I had parted after many years of acquaintance. As I have heard the eulogies passed upon this man, I have grown still more to feel that the profession of Chicago has lost one who will be long remembered. As a teacher I knew him not. When I heard the last speaker tell of Dr. Earle's sympathy with the women who study this profession, I thought of the early struggles of women when I was in the Bellevue Hospital Medical College in 1864, and saw the class come in there with I think twelve women; and saw what they had to pass through, I thought then how difficult

it would be for women to fight this battle, and my sympathies were with them in their struggles. I then, as an abolitionist, could tell something about what it was to fight uphill battles, and saw some of those who struggled in uphill battles. From what I hear of Dr. Earle, I feel that he was a man who was generous and free to those who received his instruction. I know he must have had liberality of thought, and kindness of action. In no profession under God's blue canopy is there so much sadness as there is in our profession of medicine. Dr. Earle was a man who always made friends; with me the impression was very deep that he was a generous, a very earnest and true man in his profession.

We shall miss him; the profession in Chicago will miss him. But his example is left in the minds of those whom he has instructed, and may there ever be a living of him as they live on in their professional life.

Dr. J. R. McCULLOUGH: My knowledge of Dr. Earle dates back a good many years, and more particularly to his soldier life. We were in Libby Prison together, and the struggle to get out was characteristic of Dr. Earle. He was not much more than a bean pole at that time and he could get through small spaces easily; he was pretty thin. He went into the service at sixteen, and I believe it was his army life and early advancement, to first sergeant of the company, and the imposed responsibility, that made him what he has been of later years; he had the physical ability, he had all the material for great achievements, and that army responsibility was what made him with his great big head and heart; the field culture he received benefited him. I escaped in a different way from what he did. I could not get into the squad that he was in to go through the tunnel, but I got on duty at one of the hospitals, and it was my good fortune to be carried out as a corpse and be placed in a coffin in the dead house, which was outside of the hospital yard, and I remained there until after dark; I was in the coffin about five hours, but I got out and am here.

When I came to Chicago in 1872 one of the first physicians I met was Dr. Earle. Last February I said to him, what does this stoop mean? There is something



wrong with you, you are working too hard; if that cord does not give away I will be mistaken. Now I talk to you as plainly as I ever talk; you have got to stop work. In 1866 I had to give up, and I am here vigorous now, and I gave up for about two years. The warning is to you, do not set your pinnacle so high that you are going to wear your system out in attaining it. It seems to me it cannot be possible that Charles Warrington Earle is laid away. He leaves so many to mourn him, his work will always stand and we will remember that big heart and friendship. He was eleven years younger than I am. He was told last February to stop work and go out to Arizona where Dr. Bridge was, and have a complete rest, and he would come back healthy and live a long life, but he did not do it.

The army life I believe was what made him the man he was. He was young and just at a time for that training up mentally and physicaly, and the early giving to him of command, while it did not elevate him so much, it cultured him and made him the leader he was

Dr. JOSEPH HAVEN: I feel that the meeting of this society in memoriam of Dr. Earle has been well called, not only out of love and respect, but also out of justice. Some of you who were at the funeral possibly felt as I did, that while the floral offerings were most beautiful, and spoke all that flowers could of the silent love of the donors, while the numbers present spoke all that numbers could of the esteem of the people; and that the orators spoke most eloquently and tenderly of his life as a soldier and a man, there was yet lacking a proper tribute to his memory as a physician, and our ears listened eagerly to catch some word of the life he lived as we knew it of the man as he went in and out among us. Those of us whose privilege it was to be present at the Chicago Medical Society last Monday evening and heard the tributes paid to his memory, notably the eloquent and touching eulogy of Professor Quine, will never forget it, and if at the funeral an opportunity had been offered some such gifted speaker to recall his life as a physician as the profession and the people had known it, it would have met with respons-

ive hearts. I am therefore glad an occasion is afforded to hear from the profession which he loved, and of a personal chance to say a word in tribute to the man who has been my life long friend. It has been my privilege to know Dr. Earle during all the time, I think, of his practice of medicine in this city. As a neighbor and member of the same church, I knew him intimately from a social standpoint, and for the last seventeen years, since I began the study of medicine, I have known him well from a professional standpoint, and looking back to-day over this long acquaintance, I fail to find one word spoken or one act performed that I could criticise or find any fault with. As a student, his library and his counsel were always open to me; as a physician, his advice in consultation was always at command, at any time and given with as much interest as though the case had been his own.

One of the speakers referring to his energy and activity recalls to my mind a case three years ago this winter during the height of the grippe epidemic. The patient had died of leucocythemia with some obscure complications which had puzzled the consulting physicians as well as myself. Dr. Earle was very anxious to be present at the autopsy, but inasmuch as the time was more than filled looking after the living, no earlier time could be found for the autopsy than one o'clock at night. But it made no difference to Dr. Earle, he was bound to be there. It was nearly two o'clock when he arrived, thoroughly tired and worn completely out. There was champagne and other imported wines on the sideboard, for the man had been a high liver, but Dr. Earle had no use for stimulants. Tired out as he was he laid down on the lounge saying: "When you come to anything interesting let me know." The sentence was hardly uttered when it was followed by a snore of which only Dr. Earle was capable, and that would have awakened any other sleeper than the one on which the autopsy was being made. I speak of this case to show that he preferred take his sleep in the presence of an autopsy where possibly he might gain a point of scientific interest, than to go home as was his privilege, and as many a less enthusiastic man

would have done. But other recollections are called to mind by this case. On the Sunday afternoon preceding this autopsy there had met in consultation at the house Dr. Charles T. Parkes, Dr. J. Suydam Knox and Dr. Charles Warrington Earle and myself, and looking back to-night over the past I ask myself this question: "Where are the others who met in consultation three short years ago?" Is not the lesson in each of these cases the same, and does it not come right home to us that an overworked constitution, even if its owner be a physician, must succumb to disease, and does it not bring a warning to each one of us?

Dr. Earle's home life I think has not been touched upon. It was particularly beautiful. Those who knew him intimately knew the reverence he had for his home. He was a busy man and had not the time to give to his family that he would have liked, but every moment of it was valuable. His love and regard for his wife was in proportion to the great heart from which it sprang. She was his inspiration and from her he would seek and receive advice and counsel. Although a great man himself he appreciated woman, and was not too great or proud to take woman's advice in all his course.

I feel that I have personally sustained a great loss and that though his life was all too short, its influence and example were far reaching, and that all across whose path it fell cannot but be better for having known Dr. Earle.

Dr. HOMER M. THOMAS: Whatever is universal must be necessary; the necessary is right. Death is universal, therefore it is necessary, hence it is right. This philosophy sums up the highest human experience which we can bring to bear upon our views of that change to which we are all journeying. When the step is tottering, the hair is silvered, and the brow furrowed with care, we know that only a few years, aye, even a few months can follow ere the individual will go from us. But when one is taken from our midst whose sources of heredity date back to a father yet living, whose natural strength was drawn both from heredity and from careful use of his opportunities in life, when we have these sources which would

tend to upbuild and strengthen, and make permanent for many years his existence, and suddenly find such an individual taken from us, we must feel that there has been some great error, some great mistake in such a sudden taking off. Comparatively a young man, I have stood at the bier of the lamented surgeon, Gunn; of the gynecologist, Byford; of our Uncle Allen; of the famous surgeon, Parkes; of the founder of the Presbyterian Hospital, Dr. Ross; of one of the incorporators of the Physicians' and Surgeons' College, Dr. Jackson; have viewed the last of the mortal remains of the lamented Knox; have seen pass from us that accomplished gentleman and scholar, Dr. Hutchins, but it did not seem possible that my genial, robust, cheery friend, Dr. Earle, would ever be among that number. To me his devotion to principle is one of the striking characteristics of his career. Any boy who can at the age of sixteen honor and revere a flag and love a country so that he will voluntarily enlist for the defense of his flag and to help save his country, shows a sturdiness of character and a strength of manhood and devotion to principle that is exceeding rare.

In my medical acquaintance with Dr. Earle, which covered a considerable period, for he was one of my instructors, I always found him a cheery, true, generous friend, and one at all times willing to help and uphold the hands of the young and struggling practitioner. He has gone from us, this place shall see him no more, but let us believe that his life, like a peaceful river flowing between wooded banks, has passed on to that waveless sea where all time is rest.

Dr. R. N. HALL: I believe that Dr. Earle's life has been touched upon in almost every phase this evening, except perhaps his intercourse with the families direct. Dr. Earle was one of my earliest medical acquaintances in this city; I have had occasion twice since I have lived here to pass through very deep waters, and I want to say in memory of Dr. Earle that no one came to me, no one came to my family, with the wholesomeness, with the cheer, with the comfort, that he did. I owe a great deal to the medical men of the West Side, many of them have proved their friendship to me in more ways than

one, but Dr. Earle came a little closer than most of them. I do not say it because I wish to find any fault with them, because they were all very kind to me. In my direst extremity about a year ago, Dr. Earle came to me with tears in his eyes and with his big palm open, and knowing what my condition was at the time, he said "doctor, do you need any money?" I mention this merely to show the large heart of the man, that he did not stop simply with words; he meant if there was any need he was ready to offer help.

Miss Coon: We, the students of the Woman's Medical School, have known Prof. Earle only three short years, but it seems to me that it need take no longer time than three years for one to know, to understand and appreciate Prof. Earle. We knew him as a teacher and as a friend only. As a teacher we knew him as a thorough teacher. In all his teaching and in all the planned work given to us, the preparation was thorough. He came down to us, he never talked above us. In his teaching on the study of the diseases of children and their treatment, we felt he was telling us practical things, that he did not tell us what we could take a book and read, but what he had experienced, and in telling it to us he told the failures he had made and pointed out to us the road by which we must surely travel. He made everything so plain that time and time again the girls have said that they felt as if they were sitting by the bedside and seeing it all.

As a friend, we knew him to be our friend; every one of us felt that in him we had a personal friend. I think we all appreciate how much he has done for us; such a man as Prof. Earle, so noble and so dignified, and yet so kind and so true, everywhere, at every time, to us, we could not help but appreciate. His presence in the lecture room was an inspiration to us. As he came in every face lighted up. We have noticed it so many times, and remarked upon it, that when Prof. Earle came it seemed as if a gleam of sunlight came, and every one felt it, and every student felt that she must do her very best work for him. We learned from him many lessons besides the lessons he taught in the diseases of children. We learned from him that a sunny presence is best in

the sick-room; we learned from him that to be thorough is the only way, and to be observant is necessary. In all the experiences he related to us we knew he must have been observant, he remembered all the details of all the cases he ever recited to us. On all the moral questions of the day, by words dropped here and there, we all knew perfectly well where he stood. If Prof. Earle had done nothing in any other circle than in the Woman's Medical School, the ripples of his influence would spread far and wide, and many, many years would tell of his work.

I wish some one might have told you, who could better express it, how much we all appreciate him and how much we realize that in his death we have lost a true friend.

MR. BURKE (member of the senior class, College of Physicians and Surgeons): In behalf of this class I wish to thank you for the privilege of showing publicly our feeling for Prof. Earle. Although we have not prepared any special thought, the language of the heart is simple, and that is the language that has been spoken here to-night. I can say that if any class ever loved a teacher this class loved Prof. Earle, and perhaps for some peculiar reasons. The same feeling that has been spoken of as existing between schools I am afraid exists between classes, and especially between this class and the senior class that has recently left our college, and on many occasions where this class, perhaps unreasonably, demanded recognition from the faculty, Dr. Earle was one of the foremost in settling matters for us, and we recognized in him not only the professor, but the man whom we knew was the student's friend. Many of us who came in contact with him personally know that he was always willing to help the student who was trying to make his way to the profession. In the classroom he was a beam of sunshine, and many a night (as his lecture was to come at the last hour, from five to six o'clock) after a long afternoon, the room clouded with smoke, perhaps, and the air unpleasant, we would all feel so much refreshed, not by the fresh air let in, but by the fact that Dr. Earle was going to be there.

We deeply regret the loss of Dr. Earle and we

feel that we have been very unfortunate in having him only for the first part of our last year. We feel that by the death of Dr. Earle the students have lost a cherished friend; this society has lost a beloved member; and the world has lost a man.

Dr. J. M. PATTON: In speaking thus far about Dr. Earle it seems to me as though there had been one feature of his character that has not been dwelt upon sufficiently; that is, his relationship to the younger men of the profession. I sometimes think that the older physicians, probably largely from carelessness, do not appreciate the benefit a young physician derives from a little encouragement given by one of the older members of the profession. I have known quite a number of the older men in the profession, not necessarily in years, but in practice, but I have never known one who would go out of his way so far and at times when he was busy to say a good word to, or give a little encouragement to the younger men of the profession as Dr. Earle would. When I first came to this city eleven years ago, without a professional acquaintance west of the Alleghanies, I felt the peculiar position very much, and among all the earlier acquaintances I made in this city, there is no one who impressed me more on incidental acquaintance than Dr. Earle, if it were only to meet him on the street and speak with him for a few moments; the future looked brighter, the possibilities greater, and a man seemed lifted up with more hope for the future. A young physician of this city told me an incident occurring between himself and Dr. Earle, which brought out this feature of his character with a great deal of force. This young physician had had a patient where consultation was demanded, and for some reason or other he had objected to having Dr. Earle present; that is, he had used his influence toward another consultant. This reached Dr. Earle's ears, but instead of feeling hurt about it and getting offish toward the young physician, he went directly to his office and told him what he had heard, and then said to him, "Now, doctor, you are a young man beginning practice here, I have been in practice here a number of years, I can do you a great deal more injury than you can do me. I don't want to

be bad friends with you, and I don't think you want to be bad friends with me." They shook hands and ever after were the firmest of friends. That Dr. Earle should go out of his way to that extent to retain the good will of a young physician who was nothing to him, and to encourage him the way he did, probably preventing him from making a similar or more serious mistake in the future, brings out the element in his character that has always presented itself strongly to me.

Dr. GEORGE HENRY CLEVELAND: I feel that it is my duty to speak a word of tribute to the memory of the departed one. Almost all of the aspects of the late Dr. Earle's nature have been dilated upon, except possibly one that has been touched, yet not fully spoken of. I refer to his desire for a very much wider sociability among the ranks of the practicing profession in Chicago. He very early in the history of the Practitioners' Club became an active spirit and a great force and was no doubt the most active member of that organization. I mean to say that he did more to further the success of the Practitioners' Club than any other single member. And he did it simply because it was his nature to promote sociability. By nature he was extremely social, and he desired to have that social feeling extend in the profession. His efforts in that direction certainly carry a lesson which I hope all will profit from.









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